

# DEVOL's last Farewel:

Containing an Account of many frolicksom Intreigues and notorious Robberies, which he committed: Concluding vvith his mournful Lamentation, on the Day of his Death.

To the Tune of, *Upon the Chunge.*

Licens'd according to Order.



**Y**OU bold undaunted Souls attend  
To me, who did the Lawes offend;  
For now I come to let you know  
What prov'd my fatal overthrow,  
And brought my Glozy to decay;  
It was my Gang, for whom I hang,  
Well-a-day, well-a-day.

Unto a Duke I was a Page,  
And succour'd in my tender Age,  
Until the Devil did me incite,  
To leave of Vertue, and follow Vice;  
No sooner was I led astray,  
But Wickedness, did me possess,  
Well-a-day, well-a-day.

If I my Crimes to mind thou'd call,  
And lay them down before you all,  
They would amount to such a Sum,  
That there is few in Christsendom,  
So many winton Pranks did play;  
But now too late, I mourn my fate,  
Well-a-day, well-a-day.

Upon the Road, I do declare,  
I caus'd some Lords and Ladies fair,  
To quit their Coach, and dance with us;  
This being done, the Case was thus,  
They for their Musick needs must pay;  
But now at last, those Joaks are past,  
Well-a-day, well-a-day.

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Another time, I and my Gang,  
We fell upon a Noble-man;  
In spite of all that he could do,  
We took his Gold and Silver too  
And with the same we rid away;  
but being took, for death I look,  
Well-a-day, well-a-day.

When I was mounted on my Steed,  
I thought myself a Man indeed;  
With Pistol rock'd and glittering Sword,  
Stand and deliver, was the word,  
Which makes me now lament and say,  
pity the fall of great Devol,  
Well-a-day, well-a-day.

I did belong unto a Crew,  
Of as swaggering Blades as ever drew,  
Stout Whitherington and Dowglis both,  
We were all three engag'd by Oath,  
Upon the Road to take our way;  
but now Devol, must pay for all,  
Well-a-day, &c.

Because I was a Frenchman born,  
Some Persons treated me with scorn;  
But being of a daring Soul,  
Although my Deeds was something foul,  
My gaudy Plumes I did display,  
but now my Pride, is laid aside,  
Well-a-day, &c.

I reign'd with an undaunted mind  
Some years, but now at last I find,  
The Pitcher that so often goes  
Unto the Well, as Proverb shows,  
Comes broken home at last we say;  
for now I see, my Destiny,  
Well-a-day, &c.

Then being brought to Justice-hall,  
Try'd and condemn'd before them all;  
Where many noble Lords did come,  
And Ladies for to hear my Doom,  
Then Sentence pass'd, without delay,  
the Halter fast, and Tybourn last,  
In one Day, in one Day.

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